Monke, My L. I cry your Lordſhip mercy, I ſaw you not.

Abbot, Alas good *Thomas* do not murther me, and thou ſhalt haue my place with thouſand thankes.

Mon. I murder you! God ſhield from ſuch a thought.

Ab. If thou wilt needes, yet let me ſay my prayers.

Mon. I will not hurt your Lordſhip good my Lord: but if you pleaſe, I will impart a thing that ſhall be beneficiall to vs all.

Ab. Wilt thou not hurt me holy Monke? ſay on.

Mon. You know my Lord, the King is in our houſe.

Ab. True.

Mon. You know likewiſe the King abhorres a Frier.

Ab. True.

Mon. And he that loues not a Frier is our enemy.

Ab. Thou ſaiſt true.

Mon. Then the King is our enemy.

Ab. True.

Mon. Why then ſhould we not kill our enemy, and the King being our enemy, why then ſhould we not kill the K.

Ab. O bleſſed Monke! I ſee God moues thy minde to free this land from tyrants ſlauery.
But who dare venter for to doe the deed?

Mon. Who dare? why I my Lord dare doe the deed,
Ile free my Countrey and the Church from foes,
And merit heauen by killing of a King.

Ab. Thomas kneele downe, and if thou art reſolu'd,
I will abſolue thee here from all thy ſinnes,
For why the deed is meritorious.
Forward, and feare not man, for euery month,
Our Friers ſhall ſing a Maſſe for *Thomas* ſoule.

Mon. God and S. *Francis* proſper my attempt,
For now my Lord I goe about my worke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lewis *and his Armie.*

Lewis, Thus victory in bloody Lawrell clad,
Follows the fortune of young *Lodowike*,
The Engliſhmen as daunted at our ſight,

Fall

Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eyes,
Onely two croſſes of contrary change
Doe nip my heart, and vex me with vnreſt.
Lord *Melun's* death, the one part of my ſoule,
A brauer man did neuer liue in Fraunce.
The other griefe, I, that's a gall indeed,
To thinke that *Douer* Caſtle ſhould hold out
Gainſt all aſſaults, and reſt impregnable.
Yee warrelike race of *Francus Hectors* ſonne,
Triumph in conqueſt of that tyrant *Iohn*,
The better halfe of *England* is our owne:
And towards the conqueſt of the other part
We haue the face of all the Engliſh Lords,
What then remaines but ouerrunne the land?
Be reſolute my warrelike followers,
And if good fortune ſerue as ſhe begins,
The pooreſt peſant of the realme of France
Shall be a maſter ore an Engliſh Lord.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lewis, Fellow, what newes?

Meſſ. Pleaſeth your Grace, the Earle of *Salisb*
brooke, *Eſſex*, *Clare*, and *Arundell*, with all the Ba
did fight for thee, are on a ſudden fled with all th
ers, to ioyne with *Iohn*, to driue thee backe againe

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Lewis my Lord, why ſtandſt thou in a ma
Gather thy troupes, hope not of helpe from Fraun
For all thy forces being fiftie ſaile,
Containing twenty thouſand ſouldiers,
With victuall and munition for the warre,
Putting them from *Callice* in vnlucky time,
Did croſſe the ſeas, and on the *Goodwin* ſands,
The men, munition, and the ſhips are loſt.

Enter another meſſenger.

Lewis, More newes? ſay on.

Meſſ. Iohn (my Lord) with all his ſcattered tr